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At the Indian Conference at Riverside.

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THE INDIAN CONFERENCE AT RIVERSIDE.

Land for Every Landless Indian in California!

The Indian Conference, which was held last week in the far-famed Mission Inn,—The Glenwood—at Riverside, California, committed itself unanimously to the work for the California Indians until every landless red man in the state shall be secured the land upon which to maintain a home, and until public sentiment shall demand and secure full justice for all.

Persons from different parts of the state, interested in the welfare of the Indian, were in attendance, and the red men themselves were there in goodly numbers, even from the remote northern counties, to tell the story of their wrongs and needs.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University presided at the conference. Mr. Albert K. Smiley of Mohonk Conference renown, was in attendance, as was also Mrs. A. S. Quinton, the founder of the National Indian Association—now its honorary president—an organization which has done grand and lasting work for the Indian. College presidents were there to the number of a half dozen or more, among them Drs. Gates of Pomona, Baer of Occidental, and Bovard of the University of Southern California. Ten or twelve missionaries among the Indians came to help onward the movement for the betterment of the condition of the people to whom they are giving their lives in consecrated effort. Preachers of the gospel were there in order that they might convey to their people from their pulpits some of the information and inspiration of the philanthropic occasion. Editors and reporters were there in order that there might be scattered far more widely the seed of a movement fraught with great good for a despised and long-neglected people—and a blot removed, so far as possible, from California history.

Of course the Rev. Dr. George L. Spining, who is crowning his past years of notable Christian service with an already remarkable service for the California Indians, by his eloquent and pathetic addresses throughout the state, thus stirring people widely to sympathetic action, was present to give increased inspiration and momentum. There also, with informing message and large enlightenment, was Mr. C. E. Kelsey of San Jose, special Indian agent for the Government.

Professor F. W. Putnam of Harvard University, also director of the department of anthropology of the University of California, and Professors Kroeber and Goddard of the last named university, gave from their wealth of ethnological research, and Mr. Charles Lummis, of Los Angeles, whose pen and tongue have long been given in behalf of the down-trodden red man, added interest and value to the assemblage.

Mr. Frank A. Miller of the beautiful Glenwood Inn, who, with long-time interest in the Indians and hospitable heart, had made the conference a possibility and a reality, gave free entertainment, and along with the loved ones in his home, royal welcome to the unique inn during the entire conference, and in ways many and gracious made the stay of all in Riverside an ever-to-be-remembered one.

With rare thoughtfulness, Dr. Spining, at the close of the meeting at which he gave a thrilling and touching address, called on those present to arise, clasp hands and sing "America." That night, doubtless, as they stood with their hands in the clasp of their white brothers and sisters a new idea of brotherhood came to these 20th century descendants of the primitive Californians. It was the crown of three days' evidence in Riverside that full justice must at last be done for California Indians.

It is as Dr. Spining so eloquently says, for forty

An Old Rancheria at Riverside

years not a red hand has been lifted against the state of California, and yet by the relentless march of the white man they have been crowded off from all that was originally theirs, and forced back into the remote and barren corners of the state, where life has been worse for them than ever it was in their most benighted primitive condition. Thus has there been marked on the pages of California history a long blot for which penance is called for loudly now.

Messages From the Indians.

Hear them, ye white men and women of California, as through the conference in Glenwood Inn at Riverside they tell you of their needs!

One said: "Never heard of this town before. I've got nothing; no place to get a bucket of water, nor a limb from a tree. My ground like this floor (the shining, waxed floor of the parlor in the Glenwood). I'm 54 years old, and I never had a chance among white men."

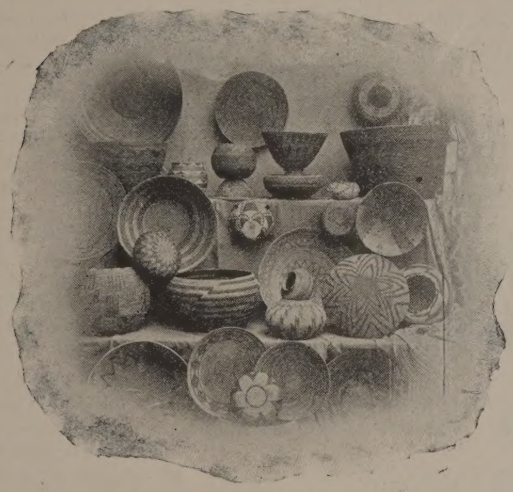
One from a northern county said: "They won't let our children go to the schools; they hate us worse than rattlesnakes." And another "We want liquor kept away from us. Don't let men rob us of our manhood." And another: "We want water. We carry it four miles some of the time." And still another: "We have water, but no way to develop it. What would people of Riverside do without water? See your or-

chards, your beautiful lawns and flowers; all because plenty water."

A captain of his tribe said: "We want a church. I'm a Christian; my people Christian. Walk seven miles to church. Want church on my ranch."

No need to multiply words! No one could sit in the conference at Riverside and fail to hear a "Macedonian call"—"Come over and help us," coming from the Indians of California.

Seventy-four years ago, at the time of the secular-



Indian Basket Work

ization of the missions founded by the Franciscans in California, there were 210,000 Indians within our borders. Today they number not more than 17,000. As to the principal cause for this decrease let Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the government biological survey, give testimony:

"The principal cause of the appallingly great and rapid decrease in the Indians of California is not the number directly slain by the whites, or the number directly killed by whiskey or disease, but a much more subtle and dreadful thing: it is the gradual but progressive and resistless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently, in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions. Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the whites, outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit, and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their condition, must we wonder that the wail for the dead is often heard in their camps?"

This added statement is made by the Northern California Indian Association:

"Government from time to time, herded the scattered remnants of once powerful tribes, upon reservations, but the conditions of such life were so hateful that only those whose spirits were completely broken by hardships, remained within bounds, the more enterprising and hardy taking refuge from bondage in the thinly settled regions of the North, and along the foothills of the Sierras. As the white population gradually pressed in around them, all of the arable land was taken up, and the Indians became mere squatters on white men's land, or fugitives still further into the mountains.

"Neither Federal nor State Governments protected these non-reservation Indians, and they were left to be the victims of an utterly indefensible race hatred. California Indians were a peaceful people, neither Sioux nor Apaches, and there was nothing in their conduct to excuse the horrible treatment they received from the white settlers. Here and there were great ranches. Indians were useful as laborers in clearing this land, and a number of contracts were made, whereby the legal possession of their home was guaranteed to them in lieu of wages. But almost without exception, no record was made of these contracts, and at the owner's death or the sale of the land, it all passed into new possession, and in nine cases out of ten the Indians were given notice to leave."

Of the 17,000 Indians now in California, about 3,500 are on reservations in the southern part of the state. Of the 13,500 north of the Tehachapi, 5,000 have land, which has been alloted them or which they have purchased and hold in common. Many of these allotments are barren and worthless, and their owners are as if they had nothing. About 8,000 are simply squatters, many of whom are in a deplorable condition.

Up in Mendcino county a chieftain, Captain Tack by name, has a little ranch of nine acres on which are crowded 150 of his people; and if the present writer's ears heard aright, there is another ten-acre tract on which there are 700.

What is being done for these Indians? Naturally our readers are asking when they have followed this narrative to this point. "Is not the United States Government already doing something for them?" Yes, it is doing something, but not enough. Three years ago the friends of these California Indians succeeded in getting congress to appropriate $100,000 for the purpose of buying small tracts of land on which to settle them, scattering them here and there throughout the state, so that in addition to working for themselves on their own lands they could be used in various ways by the white ranchmen. Last year another appropria-

Sherman Indian School

tion was made to the amount of $50,000, with the rider that this should be the last. But more than this is urgently needed. And more must be forthcoming, in order that California's shame in her treatment of the Indians may soon be a thing only of the past.

Well Worth Saving.

All the testimony at the conference in Riverside was in effect that these remnants of the early red tribes of California are well worth saving. They are good laborers. All who employ them commend them. One man was introduced to the conference by Miss True, a teacher on the reservation near Banning, as the John D. Rockefeller of his tribe. Last year he made $1,113 from fruit on four acres of land. Of another

it was said that he asked no favors, and never had to hunt for a job; of still another it was said that if he had lived in Greece in ancient days he would have been a peripatetic philosopher.

In basket-making and in lace-work the Indians excel—having taken gold prizes for such work at the world's expositions in Paris and Buffalo. A cut herewith shows some of their artistic basket-work.

Near Riverside is the Sherman Indian School, superintended by Mr. Harwood Hall, of whom, though a Protestant, Father O'Brien of the Catholic mission near by said in the conference: "One of the best men this side of heaven!" A fine-looking lot of Indian boys and girls are gathered there—247 girls and more than 300 boys. The visit there showed that the right kind of training is being given. Such schools as Sherman in California, Chemewa in Oregon, and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, are needed. But there are needed also on or near by the little tracts of land, on which the government appropriations are making it possible to locate these Indians, schools to which the children can be sent without taking them from their homes. Such schools will make it possible for the children to carry

Under the Vines at the Glenwood

into the homes, day after day, the influences of the school, and thus will uplift somewhat the parents as well as the children.

Further, there is needed an enlarged interest in distinctively religious work among the California Indians. Thousands of them are utterly without religious instruction.

We commend to all our readers the work of The Northern California Indian Association, with headquarters at San Jose. Its president is Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist; its corresponding secretary is Miss Cornelia Taber. Seek the information it can give, and help along the good cause.

The Picture on our First Page.

The picture on our cover page this week was taken under one of the arches of the beautiful Mission Inn, The Glenwood, at Riverside. The Indian in the foreground is Captain Jack of Needles, Arizona—Jack Jones. He is a Christian man and a good citizen, learning to read and write after he was 45. He is a Mojave. The gentleman talking with him is Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young of the U. S. army (retired). After the civil war General Young was stationed in Arizona. There he saw for the first time Captain Jack. At Riverside he was able to recall to Captain Jack certain things which made the red man remember meeting him in those early days in Arizona.

Being outside the state Captain Jack was not invited to the conference at Riverside, but he heard of it and came without invitation. He was the only long-haired Indian in attendance. He said that there was a time when the Indians thought to learn to read and write was no good. But now they like the white man's ways; they want the school and the church; want a chance to earn money and to take on and enjoy civilization. It is said that Captain Jack owns property at Needles and rents even to white men.

The Mission Inn.

Account of the Riverside conference would be incomplete without a few words further concerning the Mission Inn, which was the free home for three days to all in attendance. One is not surprised after enjoying the comfort and restfulness of this delightful inn for a few days that Elbert Hubbard, the man of many pilgrimages, should write:

"Well, well, well! We have traveled about eight thousand miles since we left good old East Aurora, but we never saw a hotel to equal this. It is built on the plan of the old mission monastery or hospice. There was a line of these missions, a hundred years ago, skirting the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, just a day's journey apart. These missions were a refuge and a home for the worn traveler—he could stay as long as he wished and pay what he could afford, and when he went away he took with him the blessing of these men of God. And if they served mankind and made the world better, were they not truly men of God? I think they were, and any man who does the same now, is too.

"This hotel is built and furnished after the general style of the mission. Its mission is to serve mankind and benefit humanity. And surely if one of those good old monks could drop in here he would think he was in Paradise. The place is really most luxurious, yet the luxury is so subdued and unobtrusive that you do not notice it—it ministers to your every want."

After staying there for a few days a few years ago President Jordan of Stanford University wrote to Mr.

A Glimpse of the Glenwood

Miller: "We have waited a long time for a hotel which shall be Californian as the Sierras, the orange groves, the white surf on the rincones, and the old Franciscan missions. Most of the hotels in Southern

California are good in their way, but they might stand on Broadway, in Buffalo, or in Bangor, so far as anything characteristically Californian is concerned. They are big houses, wide and wooden where there is room on the block, tall and brick where there is not, and built by Eastern folk, to house and feed other Eastern folks, who have crossed the Sierras to wait till the blizzards blow over.

"It has been left for you, Frank Miller, a genuine Californian, to dream of the hotel that ought to be, to turn your ideal into plaster and stone, and to give us in mountain-belted Riverside the one hotel which a Californian can recognize as his own. I congratulate you on your success, not as hotel proprietor, but as poet and artist, as one who has done well for California and deserving of California's gratitude, for no one can leave the hospitable Glenwood without a resolve to come back again to the region where such things are possible—to the region where in time all things noble shall be possible."

Indian Conference Notes.

Of Miss Clara True of the Indian Reservation near Banning, Mr. Smiley remarked: "If we had an hundred such workers the Indian problem would be solved soon."

Among the persons receiving attention on all sides at this conference, because of splendid work done, was Miss Chase of the Hoopa Indian Reservation in Northern California.

It was fitting that Mrs. T. C. Edwards of San Jose, who served long and faithfully as president of the Northern California Indian Association, should be at Riverside; also Mrs. Dorcas Spencer, known near and far for her good work in the W. C. T. U., and in other ways.

The Indians have a name for Mr. Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles which means "The man who cares." Mr. Lummis has done much for them, not only in the columns of Out West, of which he is editor, but in other ways. He has lived among them and can speak their languages. He was valuable at Riverside as an interpreter.

The Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga was a leading spirit in the conference—enjoying it all and adding in each minute to the enjoyment of others. After the closing session on Wednesday evening, Mr. Miller, wife and daughter, and Mrs. Richardson, a sister, were made the recipients of some Indian baskets—Mr. Williams presenting the same on behalf of many, laying emphasis on the fact that the baskets came to them full of love. Following this came the gift of a beautiful pin to Mr. Miller from the Indians, with the hope that it would ever be a remembrance to him of an occasion which had gladdened their lives.

A welcome attendant the last evening of the conference was Mr. William Johnson, a special agent of the Department of the Interior whose mission it is to bring the law to bear on the persons who violate the regulations against selling intoxicants to the Indians on reservations. For the last two years he has been working in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, where he has in the last fourteen months destroyed 250,000 bottles of liquor, and has sent 11 persons to jail and has made more than a thousand arrests. Four of the men working under him have been killed and three others shot at and wounded. In the course of his work he has acquired the cognomen "Pussy Foot"—so quietly has he moved on the foe. Mr. Johnson has been assigned now the territory west of the Rocky mountains, with headquarters at Salt Lake City, and an appropriation of $40,000 has been made for the prosecution of the work the coming year.

We have this note from the Rev. E. S. Williams: "Three years ago a young attorney in San Jose was drawn by some devoted missionary women into some meetings to talk about Indians. He had been a teacher in an Indian school and knew more about them than most of us. How could a young lawyer spare so much time? How could an ambitious young wife collect little comforts for Indians and spend the golden autumn days working up Christmas boxes? God has a way of calling and charming his own. And lo! the modest young San Jose attorney has met Roosevelt and Dawes and Secretary Hitchcock, Commissioner Leupp, Senators Perkins and Flint, while the whole California group of congressmen have backed his intelligent and well-prepared appeals. Congress has heard the call of California as he has voiced it, and the flutter of white cards from an army of voters has had the push which prayer has when God's business is behind it. So our San Jose barrister has blessed our commonwealth! He has sat among the rulers in the gates at Washington. C. E. Kelsey has been heard from! He was a prince at Riverside. Unchanged, but grown serious, sedate. Unselfish, clear-eyed, true-hearted, many who know rejoice in his well-earned success."

"THE CHURCH AND MODERN LIFE."

By Charles Reynolds Brown.

The thoughtful people of the land have learned to expect something when a new book by Washington Gladden appears. His dozen or more volumes along with his spoken words in his own pulpit at Columbus, Ohio, at Harvard University and in great national assemblies of various sorts, have induced this well-founded expectation.

His last book, with the above title, is a worthy number of the helpful series which have come from his pen. In the opening chapters he discusses the underlying religious basis for social renewal. The new commonwealth in which men shall more equitably share in the results of corporate toil must grow organically from a deeply rooted religious life. The only brotherhood which wears well, which stands the strain of economic pressure is one founded, not upon hasty sentiment, but springing from a common filial relation and attitude toward the One Father.

The author makes it plain that no mere economic device will suffice to save society from its selfishness. We are not saved as individuals by the mechanism of worship—moral renewal is not accomplished by consecrated wafer or by wine magically changed into something which it was not in the beginning, is not now and never shall be. We are not saved by the mechanism of dogma—there is no saving grace in holding orthodox opinions so long as they remain mere matters of intellectual assent. No more are we saved by the mechanism of economics—only as men's hearts are renewed by the effective touch of the Divine Spirit and express that higher life in more equitable relations shall society be saved from its sins.

The church is responsible for the dynamic of society. "Life makes its own forms. And the church must fill society with a kind of life which will produce such forms of co-operation as shall secure the prevalence of justice and friendship, of peace and goodwill among men. If the social order is producing a better breed of men, if the business of the world goes on more and more smoothly, and all things are working together to increase the sum of human welfare, then the church may be sure that the life which she is contributing is life indeed."

The author arraigns the age for its lack of faith. This want does not appear in its unwillingness to hold the doctrines of Scripture, but in a reluctance to stake its life upon the feasibility of the Christ-message. "The church believes the Nicene Creed, but it does not believe the Sermon on the Mount. It believes what men have said about Christ; it does not believe what Christ Himself said. It does not believe that the Golden Rule is workable in modern life. It does not believe that it is feasible to love our neighbors as ourselves. It does not believe in the Kingdom of Heaven as a present possibility."

We find also in these pages a somber showing as to the lack of anything like Christian equity in the scale of living made possible to handworkers. Dr. Gladden has carefully prepared certain statistics from the census reports:

In the textile trades, with 661,451 workers, the average weekly wage of all workers is $6.07; of men over sixteen, $7.63; of women, $5.18; of children under sixteen, $2.15.

In the iron workers' trades, with 222,607 workers, the average weekly wage is $10.46.

In the boot and shoe trades, with 142,922 workers, the average for all is $7.96; for men over sixteen, $9.11; for women, $6.13; for children under sixteen, $3.40.

In the men's clothing trades, with 120,950 workers, the average for all is $7.06; for men, $10.90, for women, $4.88; for children, $2.61.

These weekly wages are obtained by dividing the annual wage by 52. Often the weekly rate is much higher, but for many weeks the workers are unemployed; the only fair estimate is that which is based upon the annual wage.

It is impossible that a Christian nation should be long content with such conditions as are here indicated. The mode of life made imperative for the families of these workers is not conducive to wholesome physical, mental or moral development. The very existence of such conditions is a grave criticism upon the effectiveness of our Christian effort.

The truth is brought out strongly that the whole content of the evangelistic message must be enlarged before it will accomplish any permanently valuable results. We need a great revival of religion, but "religion which needs to be revived is not that which puts the sole emphasis on the safety and welfare of the individual, but that which exalts equally the social welfare."

It would be in the highest degree advantageous if a new hymnology could be introduced into evangelistic efforts. The Gospel hymns in ordinary use lay an almost exclusive emphasis upon the individual prospects of the believer for peace and happiness. If we could retire such hymns as "Shall we gather at the river?" and the "Glory song," in order to bring forward Dr. Gladden's own hymn, "O Master, let me walk with thee," and other similar hymns of service, a new and more significant note would be struck.

In the judgment of the author the six great tasks confronting the church are these: the reconciliation of races, until Jew and Gentile, Caucasian and Mongolian shall enter into a fuller sympathy of purpose; the pacification of industry until capital and labor shall co-operate and not fight; the moralization of business until for a merchant or a manufacturer to make hs decisions solely or mainly with reference to financial profit will be as discreditable as it would be now for a physician or a soldier or a clergyman to thus order his life; the extirpation of social vice until higher aims shall replace the joys of animalism; the purification of politics to the end that the powers that be may indeed be ordained of God for the noble ends of honest, efficient government. And finally the simplification of life until men and women shall say not only with their lips, but in those attitudes which are characteristic, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

The whole book makes plain the fundamental truth that social Christianity is the only type of Christianity that has a clear chance in these days for an enlarging usefulness. The argument is in striking contrast to much of the superficial treatment of these problems in current literature in that it points clearly to the necessity for a profounder source of motive and of spiritual energy in the abiding truths revealed in the Gospel of Christ. The book will be most helpful to pastors and laymen alike, and a wide reading of it will be most beneficial to the life of our churches.

A CONGO CRITIC ON THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR.

William V. Kelley.

[The article herewith is taken from a book by Mr. William V. Kelley, entitled "The Ripening Experience of Life and Other Essays," and published by Eaton & Mains of New York, $1.50 net. Mr. Kelley writes in an able manner on various subjects and sends forth a book full of suggestive and stimulating thought. We give our readers a taste of it by printing one of his best articles.—Editor.]

In the space of a thousand years changes many and great may come to pass upon this speeding planet. A great man once said: "We have no way of judging of the future but by the past." In the past the seat of empire and dominant power has migrated from continent to continent. History makes it not inconceivable that by the end of a thousand years there may be a mighty civilization on the continent of Africa, while nations now comparable to the Roman empire for extent and dominion may decay and fall by neglect of the conditions which the Power that makes for righteousness has decreed for the survival of states, and Macaulay's New Zealander may be seen engaged in archaeological research among the ruins of spent empires and extinct republics.

In all soberness, supposing skepticism to be as rife and insistent a thousand years hence as now, and the historical critics of that time to be as smart and knowing as ours are today, what will the professor of ancient history in the great University of the Congo in 2898 A. D., probably do with such records as may then remain of our way with Spain, waged in the intense, immense, and amazing summer of 1898, when the learned gentleman shall set his spectacles astride his nose to lecture on the history of the republic

which flourished on the American continent ten centuries prior to his lecture?

He may easily remark in general by way of introduction that in all the literature of the nineteenth century one cannot find, even on the pages of avowed fiction, a story woven of wilder improbabilities than some parts of the professed history of the United States. He may observe that from the very beginning American histories teem with exaggerations; for instance in their report that twice—once in the latter part of the eighteenth century and again in the early years of the nineteenth—they, being then but a young and feeble people, vanquished on sea and on land, Great Britain, known as the mistress of the seas and in every way powerful nation. He will probably say that American records in somewhat later periods, as, for example, in that Civil War of 1861-65, are full of contradictions, the accounts of that conflict written in the northern parts being so full of direct contradictions of those written in southern parts that it is impossible to ascertain the facts of the case.

But he will particularly note that among human records ostensibly historic there are none quite so incredible as those of the Spanish-American War of 1898, except certain Hebrew records and certain Greek manuscripts several milleniums older containing accounts of various equally marvelous and unlikely events and portents. Turning to the first armed collision of the war he will examine that forecastle yarn, invented, doubtless, by imaginative jackies idling around when their ships were drifting and dragging in the doldrums, about how an American commodore with only six vessels crept through the dawn of a dewy May morning into the fortified harbor of Manila, a harbor planted with mines, bordered with shore batteries, and held by thirteen Spanish ships of war; how this war god of the sea opened fire at five o'clock in the morning and fought a while before breakfast as if to whet his appetite, then desisted and cooly breakfasted his fleet in the hostile, bristling, and banging bay, and when he was ready, and felt the warlike mood come over him once more, resumed action and blazed away merrily until by 7:30 that same morning, as an impartial eyewitness, a retired French naval officer resident on the shore between Cavite and Manila is said to have testified, Spain had every one of her thirteen warships sunk, burned or captured, thousands of her men killed or wounded, her forts on shore all battered into silence, and property worth ten millions of dollars destroyed. The critic of history will also note in the same chapter another forecastle yarn so monotonously similar as evidently to be written by the same romancer, who tells how another American fleet utterly destroyed a powerful Spanish fleet in West Indian waters, piling all its mighty ironclads one after another in a string, with incredible rapidity, on the rocks along the southern Cuban coast, killing hundreds of officers and sailors, and taking all survivors prisoners, so that not a ship or a man escaped.

The keen-eyed scholar will also point out numerous minor improbabilities in the records of this war; how unlikely, for example, that a war inaugurated for the simple purpose of driving the Spaniards out of Cuba, an island only seventy miles from the American coast, would be begun and ended in the Philippines, twelve thousand miles distant from the United States, on the opposite side of the globe. Applying the law of probability to the records of our war, and happening on a description of that strange conglomeration of opposites known officially as the First Volunteer Cavalry, and popularly christened Roosevelt's Rough riders, he may observe how contrary to all human likelihood it is that such a freak combination would voluntarily and of choice get together from widely separated sections—college prize men mixed with illiterate cowboys, grimy miners with dainty dudes, homeless tramps with sons of millionaires, malodorous ranchmen with perfumed dandies, the jeunesse doree of palatial homes and dazzling drawing rooms, bloody bandits and criminals dodging the sheriff with men of such superior character and eminent moral force as to be fit for cabinets, senates, and capitols; all these irreconcilables organizing into a mutual admiration society, rushing into each other's arms and falling on one another's necks to live together like brothers day and night for two years, to eat and sleep and march and dig and sweat and starve and fight and bleed and die and be buried side by side. The learned critic familiar with the slow progress of the ascending ages, may remark that an overwhelming amount of evidence goes to show that the human race had not, in the nineteenth century, become such a happy family, so full of brotherly love, as such a heterogeneous, voluntary aggregation would imply. He may point out the mistake evidently involved in that part of the account which represents a certain general, named Joseph Wheeler, as having led part of the land forces of the United States in the storming and capture of Santiago; which account cannot be true inasmuch as General Joseph Wheeler is known beyond doubt to have been a deadly enemy of the American republic, so much so that he fought long and desperately to destroy it. The critic will regard as exceedingly improbable the story that at Santiago a force of thirteen thousand Americans fighting mostly in the open defeated, captured, and disarmed an intrenched force of twenty-seven thousand Spanish regulars, more than double their own number, fighting behind strong defences, and from inside blockhouses and stone forts; a story which recalls that of the valiant Hibernian who boasted that, single handed and alone, he captured five of the enemy, and when asked how he did it answered: "I surrounded them." Dwelling further on the improbabilities which fill the American records, the Congo professor may inform his class that a learned Australian antiquarian mousing among ancient tomes has discovered a volume containing an estimate, made from official naval statistics by European authorities at the begining of the Spanish-American war, as to the comparative strength of the opposing navies. This estimate shows that, reckoning ship for ship, gun for gun, and man for man, the Spanish navy was on the whole superior to that of the United States, clearly outranking it among the navies of the world. In face of such official statistics the whole story of uninterrupted and complete victory for the American navy over the Spanish ships is to the last degree improbable.

The acute historical critic will not fail to discover the many discrepancies which confuse and to his mind will discredit the history of this war; for example, at the outbreak of the war the American fleet of the United States is familiarly known and described as the White Squadron, while the fleet which sailed and fought in West Indian waters, and is represented as the same fleet, was dark gray; again, while much public ado is made at various times and places over the valor of the cavalry regiment called the Rough Riders in the land assault on Santiago, eyewitness accounts agree that no mounted troops are seen in the fighting there; again, while the vessels which blocked Santiago harbor for many weeks are spoken of as Sampson's fleet, yet in the fight which sunk Cervera's ships when they came out of the harbor, no one of that name had any share; a man called Commodore Schley is in command, with valiant captains under

him named Cook, Philip, Evans, Taylor, and Clark, but no Sampson participating. In 2898 A. D., some critic may express his opinion that Schley was but another fabulous and ferocious sea monster like Dewey, or that Sampson was a mythical character no more historic and real than the more ancient Samson, whose story is found in the writings of the early Hebrews. If the professor shall indicate his adverse opinion by saying that the two accounts of the two Sampsons are probably about equally trustworthy, he will be a better supporter of both records than he intends to be or is conscious of being.

Although not exactly in logical connection here, it seems not impossible that the venerable, dark-skinned professor in the University of the Congo, unconsciously biased by something in his own nature and moved by racial pride, may dwell a trifle fondly on the large, manly, and heroic part reported to have been played at El Caney and San Juan hill, and elsewhere in the reduction of Santiago, by four regiments of black men; and he may conceivably cherish the opinion that no part of the record of that war is more trustworthy than the account of the saving of the famous Rough Riders from annihilation in a Spanish ambush by a colored regiment which came to their rescue, charged in two directions at once on the Spaniards, and sent them flying right and left in tumultous confusion; an early instance, the professor may complacently remark, of the African protecting the Saxon.

Attempting to explain how such incredible stories came to be written as history, he may say that they are partly attributable to the inordinate boastfulness of the Americans, who were regarded by contemporary nations as offensive and unconscionable braggarts, vaingloriously bent on making their own country seem the greatest, their countrymen seem invincible, and other nations to be as the small dust of the balance in comparison. In illustration he may cite certain records which tell how tall the American soldiers were, hundreds of them six feet or over, many of them trained athletes and physical champions, so that the Spaniards wondered at their size and strength, and felt themselves to be as grasshoppers before them. He may instance the boastful statement that an American gunner killed more Spaniards with one shot off Santiago than the whole Spanish navy killed of the Americans in all the naval conflicts of the war; and the sweeping assertion that from beginning to end of the war, which wrested from Spain her colonies and swept her navy from the seas, no fleet or army of the United States experienced a single reverse, or so much of failure as would make one bad half hour. He will say that a good deal of this stuff must be pure braggadocio, that it is noticable that these self-glorifying stories absurdly exaggerating the victories of the Americans are written by themselves, and are no more to be accepted than those very old accounts which the Israelites, who fancied themselves a chosen people especially favored of God, wrote concerning their own amazing and incredible victories over their enemies, explaining their unbelievable successes by alleging a special divine intervention on their behalf, using such words as these: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick." As did the Israelites, so did the Americans; telling astounding stories of overwhelming triumphs over their enemies, and then playing upon superstitious minds by explaining that the Lord was on their side, and dividing the credit between their own valor and God's miraculous aid. In the vanity of their own conceit, in vainglorious boastfulness, and in the notion of being exceptional objects of divine favor, the professor may say, the Americans seem to have been not unlike the Israelites; and the accounts which the two peoples give of themselves are probably about equally untrustworthy.

The critic may especially point out that the most remarkable and invariable feature of all American accounts of the naval battles of the war of 1898 is that the historians allow nobody on their side to get hurt. All damage passes the Americans by and lights on the Spaniards. In the awful carnival of wholesale slaughter and swift destruction at Manila, where the Americans had six ships against thirteen, they relate that they had not one ship noticably injured, not one man killed, not so much as a single gun dismounted or disabled. This prodigious miracle was achieved under a command of a demigod called Dewey, who came from far-off mountains, among which he was born, a sort of inland Mars who chose the sea for his playground.

Again in the flying fight off Santiago the American storytellers allow the formidable Spanish fleet to do no damage; they report not one American vessel crippled or seriously harmed, and no lives lost except that one man had his head shot off, probably because he did not wear the magical helmet which must have been part of the regulation uniform that made American sailors invulnerable if not invisible. And the gay and frolicsome fancy of the Yankee romancers gives a finishing touch to the highly colored tale of Santiago by picturing a private gentleman's pleasure yacht, unarmored and almost unarmed, fragile as an eggshell before the Spanish armament, venturing headlong into the awful melee, darting like a dragon-fly at two most formidable destroyers, engaging one of them at close quarters and piercing it so with her little guns that in a few minutes she sent it gurgling to the bottom, she her self, of course, coming out uninjured, as the consistent chronicler invariably relates, true to his patriotic habit of telling the biggest possible lie for the glory of his country. An air of legend atmospheres the story of this war, and imagination burns its multicolored lights on every page. Miraculous victories, warriors invincible, ships and sailors invulnerable, holding a charmed life—these are the familiar paraphernalia and stage properties of legend and myth.

Will anyone say that it is inconceivable or improbable that some knowing historian, a thousand years hence, may make comments resembling those which we have suggested? And is it not possible that whoever shall feel it his duty to contend against the skeptical critics of 2898 A. D., will have no easy task? Will he not be obliged to admit that the professed history does tax faith almost to the breaking point, that some of it does seem highly improbable and nearly incredible? It will cost him no little labor to show that, nevertheless, there is good reason to trust the reocrds, which, on the whole, are consistent with themselves and bear evidence of having been written in or near the time of the events by persons in a position to know the facts; and he may not be able to silence the iconoclastic historical critics unless some archaeologist burrowing in the Iberian Peninsula or elsewhere shall unearth and decipher from Spanish or other long-lost records containing confirmation strong as Holy Writ of the story which the Americans wrote about their war and its improbable and astounding victories. The archaeologist is frequently a useful citizen.

Far be it from us to cast reproach or attempt to put restraint upon the most searching critical scholarship in its testing of the trustworthiness of all records for the purpose of distinguishing between truth and fiction. We have only taken advantage of an opportunity to illustrate

from familiar current history how possible it is for records, teeming with discrepancies and loaded with improbabilities, to be, nevertheless, true. The methods used to discredit Scripture history would equally discredit much other history, modern as well as ancient; and one is not a credulous fool who holds fast to his faith in the historicity of Christianity as written in the Old and New Testaments against the doubts and denials of skeptical critics; but he is a sad and shallow simpleton who gives up his faith in the Bible because critics say that it contains things inexplicable, discrepancies irreconcilable, improbabilities great and marvelous which the yconsider impossible.

THE SAN FRANCISCO LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

S. C. Patterson.

About fifty men gathered in the red dining room of the St. Francis hotel on Friday evening, May 1st, to greet Mr. Joshua Levering of Baltimore, who arrived from the Orient on the steamer Korea a few days before. Mr. Levering was candidate for President of the United States on the Prohibition ticket eight years ago, is an honored citizen of Baltimore and president of the Y. M. C. A of that city. He was appointed a commissioner of the Missionary Laymen's Movement to visit the mission fields at his own charge and report thereupon.

E. E. Kelly, M. D., a prominent layman of the M. E. Church, was "Symposiarch," Mr. A. S. Johnston, a Presbyterian layman, made the opening prayer; Bishop William Ford Nichols of the Episcopal Church, Secretary H. M. Tenney of the A. B. C. F. M. for the Coast district, and Mr. Levering, were the speakers.

The general theme was, "The Laymen's Missionary Movement," divided into three parts, viz., "Its Inspiration," "Its Plan," and "Its Principle and Operation."

Bishop Nichols spoke to the theme "Its Inspiration." He briefly pointed out some inspiring epochs of church history in the nrst three centuries of the Christian era and the last three, showing how the quality of inspiration led men forward in the grace of God to do great things for him. He saw in the Laymen's movement an inspiration, and its possibilities are boundless.

Dr. Tenney spoke of "The Plan" in a comprehensive manner. With the aid of charts he presented clearly the amount of money that was being spent and the work done. In face of the great opportunities the means of carrying on the missionary work are small. The total gifts to missions from Protestant Christians of the world amounted in money to $22,460,000 last year, 85 per cent of which was given by English-speaking people. By this, 375,000,000 of people are reached, but 625,000,000 are unreached. What is needed is that $80,000,000 should be offered to missions each year, this would enable the Boards to place one missionary and seven native helpers to every 25,000 people. The people of the United States should be responsible for at least 50 per cent of this, and to do this would involve a contribution of $40,000,000, $2 from every church member each year, and one member out of every thousand to go to the mission field. It is possible and should be done!

Mr. Levering spoke to the theme, "Its Principle and Operation." He said the movement was the result of a vision; visions inspire great actions and secure important results. The vision of the world evangelized is the greatest that ever came to man. He believed that in future church histories this movement would occupy an important place. The United States is rich enough to carry forward this work alone. The agricultural product alone—these are the direct gift of God—have a money value of over a billion dollars; a mere fraction of this would carry forward the evangelization of the world. "A man who simply gives of his superfluity is perpetrating an irony on God." When our people give themselves they will be doing their full service. The opportunity of the mission field is magnificent. The most noble body of people in the world is the 18,000 missionaries who are at work. Personal experiences were cited to show the character of the missionary men and women, unselfish love for their people and unthinking sacrifice of themselves are characteristic. To show the great opportunity which exists in Japan to do effective work he told of three meetings which he addressed through interpreters, of Koreans, Chinese and Japanese students in Tokio, which was probably the greatest student center in the world. In closing he eloquently emphasized the importance of the missionary movement and urged the laymen to organize and participate in it.

Steps were taken to organize the laymen of the San Francisco churches, and a committee was chosen, composed of one layman from each denomination present. This committee met immediately and voted to organize a committee of fifty to carry forward the movement to success.

The evening was decidedly pleasant, filled with good fellowship, and productive of unity of purpose in the church's greatest activity. These interdenominational gatherings seem t o be occasions of spiritual enthusiasms. It may be that this is the line along which the revival of religion, so eagerly looked for by many earnest souls, is to come.

THE EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN IN SACRAMENTO.

The Rev. Dr. Temple, gave the people of the First Church of Sacramento the following message last Sunday on one of the pages of the weekly bulletin:

Some remarkable things have happened this last week. It is certainly a comment on the power of the meetings that Sacramento, which has had, and has probably earned, the reputation of being indifferent to spiritual things, has filled the big tent night after night to listen to the sraightest, most faithful putting of gospel truth. The intense earnestness with which the immense audience has received and digested the message is another indication that when the presentation is honest and faithful to God's word, the people will be moved. The entire absence of clap-trap methods, critics to the contrary notwithstanding, has given the more intelligent portion of the crowd peculiar satisfaction. Dr. Bulgin has taken for granted that his auditors possessed brains. It has been a pretty large stretch of his imagination in some cases, but for the most part he has been correct in his diagnosis. His complete knowledge of the Scriptures in their original tongues has enabled him to clear away many a doubt of the value of certain parables, etc.,

with marevlous effect. His positive convictions with regard to truth have been a rebuke to those who are inclined to be slipshod in their treatment of God's Book. His constant kindliness of spirit has rebuked more than anything else the cowardly criticisms he has received in some quarters. Picayune meddlers are thimbles which fancy they are reserviors of knowledge. Against this little skeptical imbecility I put an incident which happened last Sunday evening while Dr. Bulgin was preaching on the truth of the Bible. A man well known in this city who has been for years an opponent of the Bible and its central character, was so overwhelmed by the evidence as it followed one part on the heel of the other, that he said in the presence of several from whom I learned the incident 'I must get out of here, or I will become a convert.' And he went out! What greater compliment could be paid the speaker, and what greater encouragement for the cause than this? Another remarkable thing. A theater which had been crowded to the doors every Sunday night was almost emptv last Sunday. Surely Sacramento is waking up to the importance of investigating the truth. Here is a man of God, simple in his life, strong in his convictions, intellectual to a most remarkable degree, earnest to the point of white heat, tender as a woman in his pictures of the wonderful love of God and the sacrifice of Christ, lucid in explanation, apt in illustration, merciless in logic, and through it all aboslutel- pure in motive—what else could one expect but remarkable results? And they are bound to come!"

Dr. Temple followed this with a special word to his church people to unite to make the last week a widelv fruitful one:

"Now, dear people, if we as a church want to reap any blessing we must do our part toward that end. During this, probably the last week of the campaign, let us lay aside everything that will interfere with our attendance upon and interest in these meetings, and with our whole soul enter into the spirit of them and we will receive a practical and permanent blessing, both as individuals and as a church."

BEING A CHRISTIAN AT HOME AND IN SCHOOL.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for May 17th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

It is not hard to be a Christian in church or at a Christian Endeavor convention. It is comparatively easy to be a Christian when listening to some great music, when curled up in a corner with some good book, or when out for an afternoon in the beauty of the hills. But to be a Christian in the common round of hum-drum duties, in the grind of daily lfe, at home and in school—this is sometimes a very different proposition.

And yet the demand of the world is for "applied Christianity." Electricity is of value only when turned into light and power, and so the Christianity which we accumulate at church or from the beauty of nature has real value only as it is turned into light and power to cheer and ennoble daily living. Being a Christian at home and in school will mean something just a little different to each individual, but, whatever else it may mean, ought it not to include such practical results as these:

Honesty. To be a Christian is to be honest. Honesty is fundamental to all living together. There is honor among thieves, the proverb has it, and it is because every social organization breaks down the moment honesty breaks down. How much more necessary it is that there be honesty at the heart of such organizations as the family and the school. Being a Christian means such plain things as doing the household task thoroughly, really sweeping the room, as Booker T. Washington swept that room that proved to be his entrance examination to Hampton Institute. It means recitations without prompting and examinations without cribbing. It means a fair, straight game, winning or losing, and no off-side play of any sort.

Good Cheer. To be a Christian is to be cheerful. You are God's child, and underneath you are the everlasting arms. As God's child you have nothing in all the world to fear. Therefore, be of good cheer. Greet the world with a smile. Forget your aches and pains. Count your blessings and spread the sunshine of happiness at home and in school.

Generosity and sympathy. Being a Christian means giving yourself in service to other members of the household. It means taking time to help the small brother make a kite; it means sometimes taking your own sister out for an evening's pleasure; it means that mother will not be allowed to be the only one in the home to practice the beautiful virtue of self-sacrifice. In school it means ignoring and forgetting the mean and jealous things you hear—even about yourself. It means seeing the best in every schoolmate and making your sympathy, your smiles, your cordial greetings extend beyond "our crowd" or "our set" to the boy or girl who, for some reason, is ignored or dispised.

The Practice of the Presence of God. Finally, being a Christian at home and at school means remembering that God is not shut up yonder in the church or in the book of poems, but that you are living in his presence every day. All work is sacred and every day a holy day. A good monk, Brother Lawrence, on entering his monastery was assigned to work in the kitchen, which he very much disliked. But he found God even in the kitchen, and in his diary he says: "The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were on mv knees at the blessed sacrament."

SOME SUGGESTIVE METHODS.

A Large Ingathering at Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Last Sunday at the May communion, twenty-one persons were received to membership, four by letter and seventeen on confession of faith. All were young people and ten were stalwart young men. Seven received baptism. This large accession on confession of faith is the fruitage of a strong Intermediate Endeavor society, and a pastor's class conducted during Lent. A circular was sent out by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer, on which it was stated that the pastor would like to hold a series of six conferences with the young people of the church on "The Christian Life." It was stated that subjects as follows would be considered:

(1) **Tne Bible.**
The Christian's Library.
How it came to be written.
How to read it.
(2) **God.**
Why we believe in God.
How God reveals Himself to us.
(3) **Jesus Christ.**

The Ideal Man; the Son of God.
What He has done for us.
(4) **Prayer.**
What is prayer?
How it is answered.
Jesus' model prayer.
(5) **Being a Christian.**
What is a Christian?
How to begin.
How to grow.
(6) **Our Church.**
The business of a church.
The Pilgrim Fathers.
Congregational ideals today.

The circular stated that the pastor would be glad to answer questions after each t alk. The class was conducted in four sections.

A valuable series of Sunday evening sermons on the theme, "Christianity and the City," has been in progress in Plymouth Church since April the 26th. The topics in their order are: Work and Play in the City, Gambling and the Race Track, The Children of the City, What is a "Social Settlement?" The Saloon—Its Cause and Cure, The Church and the City, Cities beyond the Sea (Illustrated with steropticon pictures).

Beginning April 22 the following suggestive subjects were announced for Wednesday evening meetings: Poetry of Edward Rowland Sill, The Gospel and Good Health, Is Human Character Improving? The Newspaper and the Home, The Education of Boys, The Education of Girls, Poetry of Edwin Markham.

The Plymouth Church Easter offering has passed the $600 asked for, and now stands at $651, plus donation of $30 in labor.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—Two persons united with the church on confession last Sunday.

Oakland, Market Street.—At the recent communion service there were 10 accessions to the church, 7 of the number on confession. Four children were baptized.

Fitchburg.—The church meets this week to consider the matter of the enlargement of the house of worship. Such has been the growth of the work of late that a new or enlarged building is imperative.

Alameda.—The church will lose soon two of its trustees and faithful workers—Messrs. Lobb and Eckley, the first named going to Porterville, the second to San Mateo.

San Rafael.—The outlook for the church, under the leadership of Rev. Clarence Stevens, is quite encouraging. Thirteen persons were received into membership on May 3rd, three on confession of faith. Also three children were baptized.

Mt. Hollywood.—Dr. Warren E. Day, pastor emeritus, First Church, Los Angeles, preached for Pastor Wright, May 3rd and assisted at the communion, when eight were received. Membership, 71. Most of the small churches around Los Angeles are growing.

Claremont.—Nineteen persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church at an afternoon communion service on Sunday, May 3rd, 11 of them uniting on confession of faith. Those uniting by letter came from Congregational, Baptist and "Christian" churches.

Burlingame.—The Rev. Mr. Bazaata, until recently a Presbyterian minister, has arranged to enter the Congregational fellowship and has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Burlingame. Mr. Bazaata was pastor for several years of the Presbyterian Church at Alhambra, near Los Angeles; later he had work in Hawaii.

San Francisco, First.—The church had last week what is pronounced the best social gathering it has had during the pastorate of Dr. Adams, of eleven and a half years. One feature of the occasion was the presentation to the pastor of $800 to be used on his trip around the world. Of the $3,600 pledged on Easter Sunday to cancel all indebtedness incurred in the erection of the new building and its furnishings, $2,100 have already been paid. Dr. and Mrs. Adams start this week on their trip around the world, intending to be absent until the latter part of August. They plan to return so that Dr. Adams can be in his pulpit on Sunday, August 23rd. The first four Sundays of his absence the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Mr. Braithwaite of West Somerville, Massachusetts; the next five by Dr. Beard of Fargo, North Dakota, and the last six by the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose.

San Jose.—Easter Sunday was a day of blessing and privilege. The church was beautiful and sweet with hundreds of lilies and roses, and the entire service was fragrant with the Easter spirit of faith and hope and love. Our pastor gave a wonderfully fine sermon on "The Power of an Endless Life," and recalled the life-story of the little crippled woman of San Jose, whose service years ago in our church expressed such love for the children, and whose power of continued service is expressed today in the gift of $3,000 from the sale of her little orchard home, for our Sunday-school and its work. The Easter offering of the church, taken in pledges at this time, added to Mrs. Cushing's gift, netted $7,400. With numbers still to contribute, we feel we can begin at once our $10,000 Sunday-school and parish house, and we trust that the summer will see the completed building. This will be the second enlargement of our church building since our pastor came to us less than five years ago. A few weeks ago, Judge Ben Lindsav of Denver was the guest of our pastor, and the ladies of the church served a banquet to Mr. Patchell and 125 guests, and our church was crowded to its utmost standing capacity in the evening, when Judge Lindsay addressed us upon his remarkable and wonderful work among juvenile criminals.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF SOME OREGON MEETINGS.

J. E. Walker.

Editor of the Pacific—At a meeting of the Portland Association of Congregational Churches, which I attended last week the thing which most of all interested me was the report from the Men's Clubs. Years ago, a writer in the Advance, complained that Foreign Missions were coming to be looked upon as a matter more especially for the women of the church.

Has not this been too much the case with religion as a whole? This new movement of Men's Clubs is a wonderfully good beginning in the right direction, and we most earnestly hope that it will have such a run as the Chrstian Endeavor has had. We all know that the men of this land need pure religion as badly as any class of people on the face of the earth.

The Oregon State Sunday School Convention closed at this place last evening its yearly meeting. So far as we know it was the largest convention and the most enthusiastic one ever held in this state. There were 350 delegates in attendance, and the church was packed, morning, afternoon, and evening from Monday evening on through Tuesday and Wednesday. Three thousand dollars were pledged for the use of the State organization this coming year. While Foreign Missions had no special place in the program they did receive special notice and some good boosting from the speakers.

A "Round Table, The Big Boy and how to Deal with Him," conducted by Marion Lawrence was a specially interesting feature. One point that he dwelt especially on was that the "Big Boy" classes ought to be taught by men who could and would be their **leaders,** men whom pupils would look up to with admiration and eagerly copy. This is the right idea. But where are such teachers to be got? Last evening in his closing address, Mr. Lawrence contended that every member of the church ought to be a member of the Sunday School, and that a **wall of fathers** would be the best thing to keep the boys in the Sunday School.

Some, in commenting privately on his remarks, complained that they found it almost impossible to get good teachers, especially such teachers as he recommended for the "Big Boys." The situation was too well described by Paul in his letter to the Philippians, "I have no man like-minded who will naturally care for you." God grant that the Men's Clubs will supply adequately the like-minded men so much needed for the "Big Boys" and for Missions, Home and Foreign, and the money too.

Forest Grove, Oregon, April 30, 1908.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Southern Branch W. B. M. P., held on Thursday, April 23, in the First Congregational Church, at Pasadena, was most interesting and successful. Pasadena women are well known for their hospitality, and the fact that the women of our four Pasadena churches were the hostesses of the occasion was the guarantee of a cordial welcome and liberal entertainment.

The president, Mrs. J. H. Williams of Redlands, who for more than twelve years has been the honored leader of the Branch, was in the chair, and opened the meeting promptly at ten o'clock with brief devotional exercises. Delegates were welcomed with cordial words by Miss Anna Meeker of Pasadena, and Mrs. Kate G. Robertson of Mentone responded heartily.

Necessary business consumed an hour of the morning program, but was quickly disposed of, reports following each other in rapid succession. The treasurer's announcement that the aim for the year of $4,500 had been exceeded by more than $500, was inspiring news to the women who had worked and prayed and hoped through an unusually trying year, and was greeted with the applause it merited.

Miss Maria P. Lyman of Riverside former foreign secretary of the Branch, returned a few months ago from a year's travel, during which she visited Palestine and the American Board's missions in Turkey, and her reminiscences were well worth listening to. Following Miss Lyman came another traveller. Mrs. H. N. Kinney of Claremont, vice-president of the Branch.

Mrs. Kinney visited Japan, China and India, making a careful study of missions and the conditions of the natives, and the hearts of her hearers were wrung by her description of the pitiful plight of little girls in India, and the unspeakable poverty everywhere so apparent.

Women who have been anxious to keep up with the latest in missionary literature were glad to note the names of seven new books, pleasantly reviewed in a paper written by Mrs. Walter Nordhoff of Redlands and read by the president just before adjournment for lunch.

Following lunch and the social half-hour came greetings from the president of the W. B. M. P., the mother society, Miss Laura N. Richards of Saratoga, whom the women of the South were very glad to have as their guest.

Saddened as many hearts had been by the story of India's woes, they became still heavier when Miss Margaret King of the China Inland Mission told of the opportunities waiting in China, the doors, all wide open, with no one to enter them, the cities, towns and villages asking for the Word, and asking in vain. Miss King is a nurse, and knows from experience the wonderful influence a Christian woman may have when she is invited into the home of a high-class Chinese.

The Foreign Secretary's report prepared by Mrs. William Renwick of Claremont and read by Mrs. Henry Kingman, contained cheering news from the missionaries the Branch is supporting, and was admirable, both in its preparation and its presentation.
both in its preparation and its presentation.

Mrs. H. W. Mills of Los Angeles gave the report of the Foochow Kindergarten Committee, a report full of interest to the Branch, which has done so much toward raising the funds for the building. The amount asked for is now all raised, and the next need of the Kindergarten is a new teacher to assist Miss Brown, who is still in this country trying to gain strength to return to her chosen work. A letter from Miss Brown asked for special prayers that this teacher might be speedily found and sent out, and at the close of the report these petitions were voiced by Mrs. Anna Averill of Los Angeles.

The last speaker of the day was Rev. J. F. Loba, the new pastor of the West Side Church of Pasadena, who visited India as one of the American Board deputation, and is well qualified to speak on "Women's Work for Women in India." Dr. Loba's forceful presentation of his subject only deepened the impression left by previous speakers, and was the climax in the story of opportunities waiting and obligations not met; and more than one woman left the church resolving to more nearly live up to her opportunity.

The union evening service at 7:30 was presided over by Dr. Meredith and addressed by Rev. Henry Kingman of Claremont.

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Twentieth Annual Meeting of the W. H. M. U., of Southern California, was held in the First Congregational Church, Pasadena, on April 24th.

After the opening devotional exercises the annual reports were given. The district vice-presidents gave interesting accounts of the work done by the various auxiliaries and of the conventions which had been held in their respective districts. The superintendents of Children's Work and of Literature referred to matters of concern in their departments.

As usual, however, interest centered in the report of the treasurers, for in that, there was tangible evidence of success in the year's work.

The aim had been to raise $5000. The report showed that this amount had been exceeded by $172.-73. The treasurer called attention to the fact that even more than in previous years, the contributions represented small gifts from many givers.

Among the disbursements were the following: $3103 to C. H. M. S. of Southern California, $200 to C, C. B, S,, and $50 to C, S. and P. S., $760, for work among Chinese, Japanese and Indians, $336 for Pomona College Scholarships, and $480 to Bethlehem Church. In her customary winsome way. Mrs. E. M. Findley told of her labors among the Chinese women of Los Angeles.

Miss Harwood, just up from her sick-bed, spoke most tenderly of the work for her beloved Japanese.

The "Latest Chapter of our Bethlehem Story" as told by Mrs. Bradley proved to be as interesting and as inspiring as her addresses at former meetings have been. Just before the adjournment of the morning session the officers for the ensuing year were elected.

When the roll is published in the forthcoming annual report it will read: Honorary president, Mrs. Warren F. Day; president, Mrs. George Robertson; secretary, Mrs. H. K. K. Bent; treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Norton and all through the list the names will have a familiar look.

In the afternoon, a full program of good things was given.

The address "What Owest Thou my Lord?" by Mrs. J. H. Loba, was stimulating and inspiring. In her review of Prof. Steiner's book, "On the Trail of the Immigrant," Mrs. George A. Gates forcefully presented one of the great problems which is to be solved by the Home Missionary workers of our land.

Miss Edna L. Roof, a senior at the college, spoke enthusiastically on "Pomona College Ideals."

Mrs. H. K. W. Bent gave a spicy review of the history of the Union. Concerning this address one woman's verdict was, "That was the best missionary paper I ever heard."

Times change and women change with them. Thirty years ago, if a man strayed into a meeting of the W. B. M., in Park Street. Church, Boston, Mrs. Bowher, the president, would speedily send a messenger to ask him to withdraw. The few brethren who attended our meeting were warmly welcomed and listened to. Rev. D. W. Bartlett spoke briefly of the work at Bethlehem Church and of his new book "The Better City."

Rev. W. W. Ferrier asked the co-operation of the women in increasing the circulation of the Pacific.

Supt. J. L. Maile spoke on "A Year of Victory." How glad we women were that we had had a part in the efforts which brought the victory!

The resolutions which closed the meeting were the customary ones but they were nevertheless heartfelt, especially those which presented thanks to the women of the entertaining churches.

NOTE.

The article by the Rev. C. R. Brown this week is a review of Dr. Washington Gladden's latest book, "The Church and Modern Life." In that book Dr. Gladden is at his best. It is published by the Houghton-Mifflin Co., of Boston, for $1.25 net.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The capacity of the thriving and beautiful little city of Forest Grove, the seat of Pacific University, for hospitality and good fellowship was severely taxed the past week by the presence of the twenty-third annual convention of the Oregon State Sunday School Conevntion; but the united Christian forces of the city rallied as one person for the auspicious occasion and accommodated the two hundred and eighty delegates outside of Forest Grove most delightfully. The total number of delegates was 334, from sixteen counties, thus making this one of the best attended Sunday School Conventions ever held in the state.

The convention was held in the First Congregational Church, that house of worship being the largest in the city, and it was crowded to the utmost at every session.

The principal features of the program were the singing by Prof. E. O. Excell and addresses by Marion Lawrence, the general secretary of the National Sunday School Association, one of the foremost workers in behalf of Sunday-schools in America.

Topics discussed were as follows: "The Organized Work and the Rome Convention, with Its World-Wide Vision," by Rev. W. C. Merritt, International Field Worker; "Devotional Bible Study,'' by Rev. F. E. Billington, State Secretary of the Christian Missionary Convention; "The Value of the Home Department," A. H. Cross; "The Value of the Organized Sunday School Work," by Marion Lawrence; "Bible Study," Rev. J. V. Milligan, Synodical Missionary of the Presbyterian Church; "Fundamentals in Teacher Training," by Rev. W. C. Merritt; "The Old and the New," by Rev. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Congregational Church, Portland; "The Boy and How to Deal with Him," Marion Lawrence; "The Child and the Commonwealth," Mrs. Lucia F. Additon, of the W. C. T. U., Portland; "The Work of the Sunday School Teacher," Marion Lawrence; "Organized Adult Classes," Rev. R. E. Story, Pendleton; "How to House and Hold the Young," by Rev. Clarence True Wilson, of the Centennary M. E. Church, Portland; "Boys' Clubs," by Ivan B. Rhodes, State Secretary Y M. C. A.; "Horizon of the Church," Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, First Baptist Church, Portland; and the closing address was on the "Demands of the New Century upon the Sunday Schools," by Marion Lawrence. It was considered by all in attendance that the presence of Mr. Lawrence and Prof. Excell was very helpful. The annual sermon was by Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, of the First Presbyterian Church, Portland, from Acts 27:31.

The efforts of Rev. D. V. Poling in The Dalles Church are producing excellent results, particularly in strengthening the devotional spirit in song, one of the most important adjuncts of church worship. Mr. Poling, being an unusually fine singer himself, leads his choir, and his effective training has produced the best of results, both in solos and anthems. The vesper chorus of younger voices is a very satisfactory addition to the second service; and this class is also under the leadership of the pastor; and it is a labor of love with him to teach his younger people to sing with the spirit and with the understanding.

While the musical part of the church service is regarded by Mr. Poling as highly important, yet the training of his choir does not absorb all of his time, by any means. Large and appreciative audiences have listened with a growing interest to a series of evening discourses on "The Builders of the Nation," beginning on January 19th. The topics treated were, "The Pilgrims," "The Huguenots," "The Scotch," "The Dutch," "The Quaker." Then followed a series of five addresses on broader themes, covering the religions of the world, as follows: "Buddha and Buddhism," "Braminism," "Confucius and Confucianism," "Christ and Christianity," "The Bridge of the Gods," "The Bridge of God."

In presenting these topics Mr. Poling has shown himself to be a most diligent and painstaking student, and his method has been that not only of seeking to interest his own church people, but to awaken thoughtfulness and create a spirit of inquiry among those not connected with the church.

At the holy communion service at the First Church this morning ten new members united with the church.

Portland, May 3, 1908.

MEETING OF SONOMA ASSOCIATION.

Charming Glen Ellen was never more delightful than last week, when it welcomed Sonoma Association for its customary spring session. As the programme indicates there was abundant variety, of a practical sort, and always interesting.

Every church in the association was represented and the reports made by pastors and delegates proved helpful and hopeful as well.

The ladies of Glen Ellen and Kenwood churches entertained friends and delegates with lunch and dinner in "Mayflower Hall" adjoining the church, on both Tuesday and Wednesday, and they did it most royally.

The strenuous labors of Rev. Jacob Spoolman, pastor of these two churches, aided by his efficient wife, resulted in a capital meeting, with quickened fellowship, and deepened earnestness apparent on every hand.

During the meeting there were addresses and papers as follows: Public Worship and the Priesthood of the Christian Ministry, by Rev. E. E. Chakurian; Evangelism, by Rev. F. A. Bissell; Sabbath Observance in California, by Rev. W. C. Day; The Meaning and Value of the Higher Criticism of the Bible, by Prof. W. F. Bade of Pacific Seminary; The Art of Appreciating the Life and Work of the Church by Deacon, C. E. Wingate of Santa Rosa; Men Working for Men, by Rev. R. W. Rogers; The Significance and Work of the Small Country Church; by Rev. D. L. Rathbun; Christianity and Present Social Progress, by Rev. Henry Ainsworth; The Results of Historical Criticism Applied to Old Testament Interpretation, by Prof. W. F. Bade; The Dangerous Elements in Socialism and the Church's Relation Thereto, by Rev. A. B. Patten; The Relation of Lodge Life to Church Life, by Rev. Jacob Spoolman; The Church Building Society, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff. The sermon was by the Rev. Ira G. Hambleton.

Young People

A STRIKE.

The snow was deep in the paths, the barn door hard to open, and the axe dull on the morning when Phil and Harold decided to go on a strike.

"I'm tired of chores," said Harold. Bill and Jack Lee never have anything to do out of school."

"But isn't that because they live upstairs in a flat and there's nothing to do?"

"I don't care why 'tis. I only know I've had enough of chores. Lessons, out of school, are enough for any boy."

"Sam Dunn could just as well do them all the time."

"Let's strike work," said Harold. "Father's away. It would be a good time."

"Strikes are all the go," admitted Phil.

"Let's do it," eagerly. "We can try how it works, anyway."

"And declare it off if it didn't work well."

So, on the following morning, as the boys left for school, a placard was posted outside the kitchen door with the words:

"A strike is on. No more chores for boys. Phil, Harold."

Nora, the maid in the kitchen, called Mrs. Allen to to see it, and the two, in some amusement, made arrangements which seemed to involve something like a strike of their own.

So, when the young strikers returned at noon, they found the house quiet, the key of the back door under the mat, as always understood at times when there was nobody at home.

It was easy to guess that mother had gone on one of her very frequent visits to her parents, who lived at the other end of the town, but there appeared no reason for the absence of Nora, and there was some grumbling as the two realized that no preparation had been made for dinner.

"Never mind, we can find plenty to eat."

"They made a cold lunch, and at supper time ate what was left of it.

"Boys don't need to be so particular—pampering themselves up," Harold assured his brother.

"No, indeed. Fancy if we were camping. Things would be a good deal rougher than they are here."

But it was rather comfortless to find their bed unmade and their room in the confusion in which they had left it on rising. And when, in the morning, they went to the kitchen with its array of unwashed dishes from their meals of the day before, they were quite ready to agree that it was like camping with the fun left out.

Other parts of the house were warm, for Sam

Dunn took care of the furnace; but there was no fire in the kitchen.

"I'm not going to eat cold stuff this morning," declared Phil. "Its odd if we can't get up a breakfast for ourselves. Here are some eggs— anybody can cook eggs. And we'll have milk toast."

"But where's the milk?" said Harold. "I've been looking for some, but there's only a little drop left from last night."

"I wonder if nobody's looking out about milking the cow, now that Nora's taken herself off," said Phil, in great discontent. "Well, we'll have coffee.

After a laborious three-quarters of an hour they sat down to a muddy mixture they called coffee, missing sorely the fresh milk which Sam Dunn, under instructions, had carried away with him when he milked.

"Can't you make better toast than this?" growled Phil. "One side burnt and the other side raw."

"Well, you boiled the eggs, and they're like bullets."

"If we waited for them to boil soft, we'd be late for school."

Phil presently pushed back his chair in disgust.

"How long do strikes last?" he said.

"I'm thinking that this one has lasted about long enough for me."

"Me, too. It hasn't worked well at all."

The paths were cleared of snow, kindling cut, and other small duties attended to. Then another placard was hastily prepared:

"Strike's off. Phil. Harold."

As the two strikers guessed might be the case, on their return at noon, Nora was in the kitchen, having much enjoyed her short holiday Everything was in pleasing preparation for a comforting meal. Mother sat down to it with them. looking as if nothing unusual had been going on, but the boys felt a little foolish.

"We—didn't caculate on you and Nora going on a strike, too," at length said Phil.

"I suppose not," said mother. "But you must acknowledge that it was a good time for us to do it, when there were no boys ready to bear their own little share of the every-day burdens. Things, you know, cannot run smoothly unless each one does his faithful, willing best in the business of home-making."

"I think we both know that," said Phil, with a rueful shake of his head, with the remembrance of the discomforts of the last twenty-four hours.—Sidney Davre, in Christian Register.

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